

Goldilocks' Dilemma by doctoring

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Friendship, Humor

Language: English

Characters: Dustin H., Lucas S., Max M.

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-08-14 15:58:08

Updated: 2019-08-14 15:58:08

Packaged: 2019-12-12 17:07:50

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,636

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Max is stuck doing group work with Dustin and Lucas. The assignment: re-imagine a fairy tale with your own unique spin. The boys try to use this opportunity to vie for Max's attention, competing against each other, but Max is not having it. / Occurs during Season 2. / Written for Writer's Month. Trope Prompt: fairy tale

Goldilocks' Dilemma

Monday

"So that is why I want you to reimagine class fairy tales."

The teacher says, pointedly ignoring the groans of the students who knew an assignment was coming, as she wrote the requirements on the board.

"What happens if the princess doesn't wake from a kiss? What happens if the villain wins? What if there was no gold or magic or other pivotal item? What if the princess was actually a prince? Whatever you want to do, as happy or as sad as you want to make it, just rewrite the story." The teacher points to the bulleted list on the board, line by line, as she continues. "As long as you... add your own unique spin... have 2 full pages, minimum... have each member contribute... and turn it in at the start of class Friday."

Max feels tense when the teacher mentions "each member."

This is group work. I'm I don't know anyone in class yet. Why the hell do I have to do group work?

The teacher then picks up a clip board and says. "Group one! Listen, class! Group one will be..."

As the names are read out loud, Max feels even worse.

Great. Assigned group work... now my chances of being stuck with one of the dorks just increased.

Max groans when she hears "Lucas" and "Dustin" follow her name for the fifth group, completely dissolving any annoyance she felt upon hearing her full name.

As she saw both of the boys hurrying over to her, in a heated, whispered argument, she rolled her eyes.

This is complete bullshit. How the hell did I get stuck with TWO dorks.

Both boys were trying to argue about who's house they should work at, when Max said, "She's giving us class time to work on it. There's no reason we can't just get it done in class, so I don't have to deal with either of you losers more than I have to."

She ignored their protests as the bell rang, electing to rush out of the room and shelve this problem until tomorrow's class.

Tuesday

After discussing what tropes and themes were, and identifying examples in stories by Grimm and Andersen, the class was allowed to work on their fairy tale re-writes.

The boys, apparently, had looked up tales they would like to reimagine, each taking turns (if you ignore the interruptions) to preview a different story to Max. As the class dragged on, Max had to sit there, confused, and listen to synopses of long, elaborate, and sometimes obscure stories. She knew less and less about them with each one, until the point she had to speak up.

"That just seems way too complex, and there's backstories for each character? Where is this fairy tale even from?"

"It's not a fairy tale, it's lore," Dustin corrects.

"Yeah, it's from dungeons and dragons."

"Dungeons and... DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS? You mean you've been spilling *nerd shit* to me for the past ten minutes!?" Max flops back into her seat with a loud scoff.

"Hey, man-"

"No. Don't." Max sits up, giving both boys a stern look. "We only have to write a two-page story, right? ...*Right?*"

The boys nodded their heads.

"So let's just stick to a common children's story. Something simple. Something two pages."

"So, minimal plot?"

"Exactly!"

As the boys start arguing over which children's story is the shortest, the bell rings, and Max has never been happier to go to math class.

Wednesday

Outside of school, before the first bell, Max is adjusting the wheel on her skateboard. She hears two familiar, obnoxious voices, way too early in the day, and flattens herself against the wall, as to not be seen.

The boys, however, stop just at the corner. She can't be seen from there, but she can hear them, and she doesn't like it.

She is filled with rage and wants to take her skateboard and swing it past the corner of the building, hitting both of them.

She had overheard both Dustin and Lucas argue about their competition regarding finding the best story to remake. And by best, they meant one that Max will like. And the prize for this competition? "A hero's reward," as one of them so nerdily described.

Apparently the loser would have to lay off and allow the other to pursue Max. *Which is complete bullshit! I don't want either to pursue me, or talk to me. Just leave me the hell alone!*

The bell rang and the boys rush off, leaving Max standing there, fuming.

During her next class, she debated on ways to call them out.

Just before English class, she came up with a solution. She wouldn't call them out, because they would just make another competition and try harder. No, instead, she will make sure they both lose. She'll come up with the best story, so she gets her own 'hero's reward'... *to be left alone by the stalkers! They can just date each other then.*

Plus, this is due in two days. And I am NOT going to either house, if I can help it. I'll come up with the best story and how to rewrite it, and let them

do the rewrite themselves.

As soon as the class was allowed to work on their group assignment, Max starts furiously scribbling down notes.

"Hey, Max, I got this-

"Not now, loser, I'm plotting."

"But I figure out what story-"

"I said not now!" She slams her pencil down and looks at both boys. "Don't talk to me. Don't look at me. And if you can help it, do even breathe near me."

She had decided to write a story about Goldilocks and the Three Bears. Her first major change was that they're all human. The next change was that the 'bears' were siblings. Finally, the big change to the story, was Goldilocks' intent. She wasn't just mooching with complete disregard to the homeowners, no. She was ransacking their house... before she kills them.

Max sits there, tapping her pencil on her desk, debating on if killing all of them is too much.

Should she just kill one of them? Or two? What if we just allude to her intending to kill them, and we never know how many or who?

I really don't care. I'll let the idiots decide.

She makes a quick note as to the options for the ending, then slaps the outline onto Dustin's desk.

"Here. This is our story. I came up with the plot and the outline, so you guys flesh it out and make it two pages."

She goes to her desk as the boys read the outline. Moments later, she has the unfortunate pleasure of having them trying to outdo each other's compliments.

It's just a stupid outline. I knew they were going to do some shit like this.

"I know it's good. Now just write the stupid story." She rolls her eyes and pulls out a magazine to read.

Thursday

The teacher, after a brief announcement, allows the class the entire class period to work on their papers.

Halfway through the class, while the boys are finishing up the final copy of the story, Max hears them arguing. After a few more moments, she realizes she has no option but to go work with her group members again.

They think it would be pretty dark, and therefore awesome, to have Goldilocks kill two of the siblings, but allow one to live.

"You know, like the cliché of letting one live to tell the tale or whatever."

"Right, so what's the issue?"

"Well, we want to use the original Goldilocks spiel, where she's like," Lucas clears his throat and starts using an obnoxious falsetto. "The first one is too this... the second one is too that... but the third one is juuust riiight."

"Yeah, but we don't know which of the brothers to let live... the just right one."

She shrugs and says, "Just pick one."

Dustin groans. "It's not that simple. We gave them more... more character... so it's not just a nameless set of brothers she's killing. It's darker if you know more about them and kinda feel the loss, you know?"

She resists the urge to call them creepy, and instead snatches up the paper.

"Okay, so we know the quiet painter is going to die. He's actually the first to go, but we don't know who's next and who lives."

Max reads the story, the one the two boys wrote together, based on her outline.

One boy, the one they mentioned would die first, was the smallest. He was quiet and nice and painted beautiful pictures. The next boy was curly haired and a genius with gadgets and machinery. The third brother was taller than the other two and more athletic.

She doesn't take long at all to realize who these brothers were supposed to represent.

She carefully sets the paper down and announces that she knows exactly who should live and die.

"Really? Who?" Both boys say in unison.

She points to Lucas, saying, "Too dumb." She then makes a throat cutting motion with her thumb across her throat.

She points to Dustin, saying, "Too dumb," followed by the same throat cutting motion.

Then she points to the name 'Bill' on the paper, the quiet brother. "He keeps his mouth shut... he's juuust riiight."

As she mocked the famed Goldilocks line, the bell rings. Max quickly rushes to her desk, gathering her belongings, to head towards the door to leave.

The boys call after her, protesting her decision. She continues to walk off, but not without looking over her shoulder to give them one final warning.

"Don't forget to turn it in on Friday, or you'll see me go from Goldilocks to the Wicked Witch!"

-the end-